

THE BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

W. E. STONE, Editor & Proprietor.
GREAT BEND, KANSAS.

LONE HOLLOW.

Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

By JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOGUS BILL," "FISHER JOE" AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER XXX.—CONTINUED.

The house was gloomy, and the sound of his feet sent a cold chill over him. He passed out and walked to the edge of the gulch, a little way off. The depths were shadowy and gloomy. Autumnal frosts had changed the leaves to brown and yellow in places, and the air that sifted through the trees was chill and uncomfortable. There seemed a premonition of an early winter in its breath.

While he stood there with the grim shadows of the short afternoon lengthening into the gloom of night, Captain Starbright thought of the past, of the year gone in which his brain had schemed and plotted for self-aggrandizement.

"It is more than five years now since I struck the first blow for the Vandible million amid the hills of California," he muttered, inaudibly, while his thoughts ran on. "Then came the sudden death of the other, and my mind turned to Lone Hollow to win the friendship of an easily-doubled old man. I pretended to be the friend of his adored though erratic brother, and brought him a momentary reprieve from the far-off land of gold. I told him I had ministered to the dying, and completely won old Morgan Vandible's heart. Karl, his youngest brother, he deluded. He would have made him his heir had he lived. This old millionaire told me in confidence. It seems that the blow that sent Karl over the precipice in the gold range did not kill."

"My treachery might have been discovered, for Karl Vandible lived, but he came back from that fall a crazed being. I supposed I had nothing to fear, and yet he recognized me that night in front of Lone Hollow, when he fired with murderous intention. It is well that I made sure work of the old man at last. The pool will never yield up its secret to mortal man."

The mention of the pool seemed to affect the Captain strangely. He straightened suddenly and began walking away from the edge of the gulch. Soon his form was lost to view in the gathering gloom.

He gained a position near the bank of the cedar-fringed pool.

How cold and forbidding looked the black water. There was not a ripple on its surface, and the stars that rested over every thing were oppressive.

"An uncanny place," muttered the Captain. "Much like a tomb, indeed. No secret can be kept from the water. Show me how much safer than the California gulch. You reveal no secrets, that gulch did."

Then he walked completely around the pool, scanning the water from every point. It was a solemn place, and the time once to bring gloomy thoughts to the brain of the lone man who stood thoughtfully regarding the calm water.

Suddenly the minutes passed.

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hunger seemed to peck for the first time. Something was wrong inside the sick chamber. He thrust a small rod that he picked from the floor into the keyhole.

He then made a discovery.

The hole had been stoutly plugged!

Something surely was wrong. He grasped the knob and shook the door.

No answer from within.

A chill shot to the heart of Fingal. He called the name of Lucy and of Grace, but received no answer. A terrible fear oppressed the young hunter's heart as he turned from the door and hurried to the stairs. He sped down these, three steps at a time, and came near landing in the arms of the colored maid.

"Lucy, you here?" demanded Fingal, hoarsely. "Who is with Grace?"

"Miss Lura, I expect."

"I do not believe it."

"But I left her door—"

"Something is wrong," interrupted Fingal, seizing and shaking the maid furiously.

"You haven't been faithful, girl. The door to Grace's room is locked. Have you the key?"

"Deed, marse, I haven't."

Fingal stood irresolute for one moment, then sprang to the outer door, opened it and passed out into the night. He hastened to the side of the building, to a spot where a light glimmered from an upper window, the window of Grace Penroy's room.

For an instant the young man stood irresolute; then, seeming to remember something he spoke to one of the old house and in less than a minute returned bearing in his hands a ladder. It was but short work to place this up against the side of the house.

A moment later the young hunter was mounting swiftly upward. He soon gained the top and although the curtains were drawn he saw a crawling through which he could peer into the room.

What he saw caused him to start and nearly fall from the ladder. His hands clinched the stone sill until the blood seemed ready to burst from beneath the nails.

In the center of the room stood Captain Starbright, with a look on his face that was actually terrifying. It was only with the utmost effort that Fingal held himself from falling.

The Captain's hat lay on the floor. His coat was off, his arms bare to the elbows, and he was evidently meditating some terrible deed. Fingal saw him move toward the bed, gaze for one moment at the placid face of the apparently sleeping girl, then bend forward with the look of a fiend, and with his fingers about the throat of his unsuspecting victim.

"Great heaven! he would strangle her!" gasped Fingal, almost losing his hold in the intensity of his horror. With a mighty effort he steadied himself, seized the saff, lifted it swiftly and plunged headlong into the room.

The noise and the unexpected appearance of the hunter startled the would-be assassin from his work, and he at once turned his attention to the new-comer. He glared an instant in evident alarm, then, with an imprecation, sprang at the youth as he came to his feet.

"Murderer!" cried Fingal.

"Hail the infernal hunter anek! I'll throttle you for this!" and Captain Starbright, evidently completely mastered by rage and fear, sprang with the fury of a madman at the throat of his unwelcome visitor.

Together the two went to the floor in a struggle for the mastery. At the same time a wild scream filled the room. Grace, awakened by the combat, was terribly frightened, and it was her voice that filled the old house with its piercing notes of alarm.

Fingal struggled desperately, but seemed to be no match for the infuriated Captain.

"I'll throttle you!" hissed Starbright. "You have meddled with me and my affair for the last time."

At this moment the long black hair of Fingal's head came into the clutches of Starbright, another moment and his locks were free from the head of his opponent. With a great cry Captain Starbright came to his feet, quickly followed by the hunter.

A hand tried the door, and a voice without begged admittance. Unheeding this the Captain stood staring at Fingal, an astonishment seemed too full for words. And no wonder.

Before him stood, in the person of Fingal, another person entirely. There was no mistaking that face, the pug nose, with mustache brushed aside, that dancing, receding forehead.

"Joyce, as I live!" exclaimed the astounded Captain.

The girl regarded him with folded arms, breathing short, her eyes flashing, her white teeth gleaming. She felt herself mistress of the situation. Her hand shot forward suddenly, a bright object gleaming at the end.

"Your race is run, Captain Starbright," she uttered lowly yet fiercely. "Stand aside, I wish to open the door to my friend."

He seemed to have no desire to thwart her wishes while a cocked revolver was pointed toward his breast, and so he obeyed without a word. He glanced at the bed to note the fact that Grace had fled.

With some difficulty Lura turned the key and admitted Dr. Arthur Colton.

"Alone!" uttered Lura.

"This was all. The doctor glanced at Captain Starbright, then at the girl. He seemed astonished to find her in male attire and Lura fancied she saw a look of semi-dismay on his grave face.

"I can explain, Arthur—"

"It doesn't matter," he uttered, shortly. "My business is with Captain Starbright. I suppose you recognize me, Captain?"

Starbright heaved a sigh of relief, and stood with folded arms regarding the doctor from under frowning brows.

"I suppose I do. You are the gentleman who pretends to be a knowledge of medicine—Dr. Colton."

"The same—"

"But let me tell you," grunted the Captain, with angry vehemence, "I have permitted your interference here to the cost of a life. Look yonder at your work. You shall suffer for this—this murder—"

He pointed to the bed.

RESULTS OF PROTECTION.

The Inevitable Result of Taxing the Many for the Benefit of the Few.

Among the protectionist manufacturers who used bulldozing pay envelopes in the last campaign was P. K. Dederick, who makes hay presses, brick machines, etc., at Albany, N. Y. One of his pay envelopes contained the following:

THE ONE ISSUE OF THIS CAMPAIGN: SHALL AMERICAN GOODS AND PRODUCTS OR ENGLISH GOODS AND PRODUCTS, STOCK OR HOME MARKET?

SHALL AMERICAN WAGES OR ENGLISH WAGES BE PAID TO OUR WORKINGMEN AND WORKING-WOMEN?

The following headlines from the Albany Express (Rep.) of recent date are valuable for comparison:

WAGES HEAVILY CUT.
P. K. DEDERICK'S MEN MUST ACCEPT 25 PER CENT. REDUCTION OR GO.

The workmen in the employ of P. K. Dederick, manufacturer of hay presses, brick machines, etc., have been notified that their wages will hereafter be 25 per cent. lower than before. They have not been asked whether they will accept the reduction; it has simply been thrust upon them.

This is only one instance out of hundreds of others which occur as a matter of course, for it is a matter of course that however favored corporations are benefited by the high tariff laws, they will keep these benefits to themselves as a matter of business and not part with them to their workmen out of philanthropy. The great strike at Erie, Pa., was the result of this without loss to the corporations, but with great loss and suffering to the employees. Other strikes against organized corporations will have the same end.

The economic principle is plain, and all whose livelihood is not derived from interest or dividends on capital ought to understand it as well as capitalists do. It is this: Where a market is controlled by combinations or laws favoring combinations so as to prevent natural competition, the organized manufacturing corporations are benefited by strikes which limit supply. On the same principle under which trusts shut down mills to limit supply, they can afford to force strikes by cutting wages. The falling off in supply in the controlled market enhances the value of the stock already manufactured, while at the same time it results in a saving of wages. It is only when prices become so high that the high tariff tax can no longer prevent importations that the combined corporations must begin manufacturing in order to hold their market.

Under such conditions the strike must fail. The strikers do not diminish the supply of labor so as to control prices, for they have no control over the labor market, and they can not so organize as to control it. The labor market is open to the world's supply. The market for the corporation is shut off by law from the world, and these laws prevent his working-men from forcing fair wages from him, simply because in a single market under control he gains during a general strike the wages he would have paid as well as whatever enhancement of value of products results from increased supply. If he had open competition, he could not afford to cut wages and force strikes. He would be obliged to run his mill or lose his market.—St. Louis Republic.

UNBORN INDUSTRIES.

Though They May Never See the Light, Yet They Must Be Protected.

The demand for protection to infant industries has had greater growth than the industries themselves. Within the last year or two this protection has been asked for infants yet unborn. This was asked last year in the discussion of the Mills bill, when the placing of tin plate on the free list was vigorously opposed. It was argued by the friends of the bill that there was no tin plate manufactured in this country, and that the Government did not need the revenue; the reply was that there was a fellow somewhere in the United States who contemplated establishing a manufactory to make tin plate within a few years if he could see his way clear in making it pay; and, for the protection of this industry unborn, we are paying a tariff of one cent a pound on the material of many articles of universal use.

It seems we are not paying enough tax on this article of prime necessity. The Bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Association, while admitting that our importations of iron and steel are about as small as they have ever been, refers mournfully to the fact that we are importing increased quantities of tin plates from Great Britain, and calls for such an increase in the duty as will enable this country to supply its own tin plates.

As a specimen of the arrogance of protection, this demand is worth remembering. It is nothing to this favored interest that the cost of the laborer's dinner pail shall be doubled, provided a market be produced for a few tons more of iron. The ironmonger is beside himself; much protection has made him mad.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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SENEHARRY PROCTOR.

A Specimen of the Patriots Evolved by the Republican Party.

The New York World sent a member of its staff to Rutland, Vt., to find out what manner of a man Redfield Proctor, the new Secretary of War, is. He finds that Proctor is the wealthiest man in Vermont; that he has made all his money in fourteen years; that he was originally a lawyer, which led to his appointment in 1875 as receiver of Rogers & Dorr, who then ran the Sunderland Falls quarries, and, having had a disagreement, had their affairs wound up in the courts; that when the receivership ended Proctor was found to be the owner of the quarries; that the protective tariff gave him a chance to operate them with immense profits, which he improved to the utmost; that by paying the lowest possible wages, running "pluck-me" stores where two prices were charged for every thing, and compelling his employees to live in his tenements at fancy rentals, he kept them all so poor that they were never able to leave his service, lest starvation overtake them before they could get out of town; that he organized a big marble trust, which, however, expired by limitation last year; and that, as matters stand, he comes pretty nearly owning Vermont, and is in a fair way to get the whole State before he dies.

This enterprising statesman went to the Chicago convention last June at the head of the Vermont delegation; and on every ballot, from the first to the last, when his State was called he responded: "Vermont casts her eight votes for Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana." During the campaign he gave the National Republican Committee a great big check. And now he is Secretary of War.

It is thus that "statesmen" are evolved in this Republic in these latter days.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

OSBORN'S RECORD.

A Quiet-Mannered Kentuckian Who Killed Fifteen Men in His Time.

It is fit that the heroes should be enumerated who participated in the hardships and dangers of Captain Brown's raid into the woods of Knott, and first of all the story of Bill Osborn, the mildest-mannered gentleman that ever kept a private grave-yard. Bill keeps a cross-road grocery in the little hamlet of Goodloe. He is apparently forty or forty-five years of age, of medium height, and sparsely built. He dresses in black cloth and wears a black felt hat with a low crown. He has a face which would be hard for a physiognomist to read. It is not a bad face; in fact, it has rather a mild, benevolent expression. The nose is large and slightly tip-tilted. The eyes are blue; there is a little mustache on the upper lip; the corners of the mouth turn downward. The jaw is heavy and of irregular outline and the chin is strong. In the raid Bill rode a little bay mare, which bounced along the road in a hard trot. If he had worn a white shirt instead of the red flannel garment which appeared above his vest he might have been taken for a Methodist parson riding on his circuit.

Osborn has a romantic history. He has killed fifteen men. When the war broke out he enlisted in the Southern army and fought in Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee under General Marshall. In 1862 what was known as the confiscation law was passed. It gave bad men a chance to perpetrate outrages under the semblance of law. Osborn's father lived at this time in Wolf County. One day he was plowing in the field when sixteen of his neighbors galloped up, riddled with bullets, burned his house and drove off his stock. Bill was with Marshall in Eastern Kentucky when news of the outrage reached him. He summoned a few of his friends about him, mounted his horse, and never stopped riding till he reached the ruins of his old home. Over the charred embers of that home he swore an oath of vengeance to make the killing of his father's murderers, his life work. He learned their identity from his mother and his neighbors. The murderers, after their dastardly crime, had set out for Mount Sterling to join the Union army. Bill and his men set out at once in hot pursuit. He overtook seven of the men while they were camped between the outer and second lines of pickets of the Union army. He ran them into the hills by night and the next morning he stood them down. Afterward he ate as hearty a breakfast as he ever ate in his life. Soon after this he captured three more of the men at West Liberty, in Morgan County, and killed them.

He visited vengeance on the rest from time to time. He killed a man named Ghost in Wolf County while he was plowing in the field. After shooting him he took the dead man's hat and carried it to his home, gave it to his wife, and told her he had killed her husband and that he was sorry to have had to do it, but his oath had forced him to it. He followed two men to Missouri and killed them there. Of the sixteen men who murdered his father he has killed fourteen. Two are still living. One of these has a bullet-hole through his ear, which was made by Bill's revolver, and the other is in an insane asylum. Bill's fifteenth man he killed a few years ago in a personal quarrel.—Liverpool Post.

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